

## FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## A Job for Jerry.

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.  
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GERALD DONALDSON has returned from fourteen months of overseas service on a United States destroyer to find that he had no job. Also he had returned to America to find himself more in love than ever with Margery Coles.

"If your firm had proved to be as loyal as I have, Jerry," Margery said to him one night when they were discussing the hopeless outlook for their immediate happiness, "we could be married at once, couldn't we?"

Jerry laughed a trifle bitterly. "Yes—but unfortunately my firm thinks of dollars and cents before patriotism."

"Never mind, we'll find a job—we're bound to, dear," Margery comforted. "And I'll wait and keep on working just as long as it is necessary."

When Gerald had enlisted in the navy and had been sent overseas Margery had decided to find herself a position where she might not only be mentally occupied during his absence but where she could be economically independent in case her fiancé should not return. For Margery could not conceive of ever loving any one else but Jerry.

Gerald had risen from the status of a common sailor to be a chief petty officer, and while he had had a vast experience in nautical lines, had learned to coal a vessel, had had the wheel on many occasions, had visited many ports in Europe and had had narrow escapes from submarines, he had returned unchanged in his easy-going disposition and lack of business acumen.

"Gerald lacks pep," Margery's brother always said to her. "You know, kid, I'm fond of him and want him for a brother-in-law, but he will never set the world on fire with his brilliance. Now, will he?"

Margery was willing to admit that his wonderful disposition, his gentleness, his almost feminine tact were hardly the best recommendations a man could have for an active business life, and yet she knew that somewhere there must be a place where just such men were needed. Therefore, Margery being in business herself and in touch more or less with various phases of business affairs, decided to find such an opening for Jerry.

Margery knew that Jerry was spending his days trying to find a position, and she realized how difficult it was for him, with his apparently limited ability to locate a place that would pay a living wage and give promise for the future. Also, she knew that he was growing sensitive about the situation.

Her own employer was a man of splendid business dexterity, had made a success early in life by his own achievement, but his quick temper, his impatience, his lack of tolerance with any sort of inefficiency made him at times difficult to understand.

During the war the telephone service fell below par. On more than one occasion Margery had to use all of her tact to keep her employer from losing his temper with the slowness of the operators in getting numbers, both in and out of the city for him. He was inclined on the spur of the moment to blame a corporation unreasonably without considering the exigencies of the occasion.

One day he was unable to obtain any sort of connection to one of his branch offices out of town and he became so thoroughly out of temper, so greatly annoyed at the apparent lack of attention to business on the part of "John"—the exchange in which his own office was located—that he went forthwith to the manager of "John."

By the time he reached the headquarters of the telephone company he was still out of sorts, but not out of temper. He had a talk with "Official John," who proved to be a man of wide understanding of human nature and of extreme tact in handling disgruntled patrons.

Margery was watching for her employer to return, for he had been very cross when he left. She knew him well enough to know that he would have time to consider conditions and would come back in a fairer frame of mind. Secretly, however, Margery was glad she had to spend only eight hours in his employment, and did not have to live in the house with him. She wondered if his wife minded his temper. She was glad Gerald did not have such an irritable disposition.

"Well, Miss Coles, I've had an experience!" Margery's employer said as he stepped into the office.

"Yes, Mr. Hopkinson," Margery said, looking up from her work.

"I went to that telephone company feeling that we had been shamefully treated; that we were being made to pay for service that was unspeakably bad, and I came away with a feeling that we were impatient, inconsiderate, unattractive. That manager of the John branch is a human wonder. You go in there with a peeve—you come out feeling that you should apologize. I call that man an asset to any company. I guess there is a place for every one in this world—even a good disposition and tact and even temper may be made a stock in trade if you can only find the right place to put the stock."

Little did Margery's employer know how much those few words meant to her. At once Gerald's qualities presented themselves to her mind. That was the very sort of position for him. She would start about at once to find him such an opening.

She thought over the matter for days and at last she decided to go to her own employer for advice.

Mr. Hopkinson not only gave her the advice she sought but he went so far as to intercede for her with the telephone company, with the result that Gerald was offered a position in which he could see a splendid future.

He was started in a small and quiet exchange and in that office he displayed such an understanding of human nature, exercised so much tact with the operators under him, with the patrons who had grievances, with the

## Confessions of a Bride

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"Who's your friend?" Chrys' voice startled me and brought me out of the stare which the Hun spy and I were hypnotizing each other with.

"No friend—he looks like a thief I once knew!" I said lightly. Then I challenged Chrys with: "Come! I'll beat you to the boats." But I didn't because I fell.

Thereafter we perched in one of the rowboats while I emptied the sand from my oxford. Then we basked in the sun and watched the sea. It was a very lazy sea that day, so the siren on the rocks at the right was still.

Away to the left was the giant pleasure wheel shining white in the sunlight with a new coat of very expensive paint.

And straight before me—in the sands at the bottom of the ocean was a circle of dead men! I had seen them sewed up in coarse sacks and weighed with stones and carried away in a boat straight out into the mists.

And now I knew they had dropped out there as if to guard—a bride's wedding gift!

I shuddered and then laughed hysterically!

I had picked up some tiny white pebbles! I treated them as something valuable and handed them to Chrys. "Your Rimini pearls are lovelier, I suppose. But these will never bring their owner any unhappiness. Keep them!" I said very solemnly, yet all in an obvious joke.

Chrys dropped the tiny stone into her bag.

"Seven! A magic number!" she said. "But I'd have you know, Jane, my dear, that the Rimini pearls never harm their owners. Don't worry about me. Only those who possess them unlawfully perish by them."

"I understand," I said, and I was truly solemn, as I recalled the corpses soon promoted to a more active office.

"You see how your good nature serves you, now, Jerry, dear," Margery said to him one day when they were planning their future—hopefully this time.

"I see how your blessed understanding of my limitations has brought my few good qualities to the top, yes," he said, tenderly.

"You mustn't give me credit, Jerry. It was quite by accident that I found the place where such dear, patient people as you can be of really commercial value to a big corporation."

"And I know of a place that you must provide to fill very soon where just such sweetness as yours can be of never-ending value, dear," Jerry said. "Do you know where that is?"

Margery nodded and displayed further qualities that made Jerry more sure than ever that he needed her soon in his home.

Eggs a La Mode—  
That is, French

By BIDDY BYE.

Styles have come from France, soldiers are coming constantly—and now recipes from French kitchens once more are beginning to creep through the lines.

As a starter, two cheering ways to transform familiar, American egg dishes, have reached our ears. We might crudely call them veal omelet and fried eggs on toast—but this is what happens in the making:

Make an omelet of 3 eggs, not stiffly beaten, seasoned with 1-2 teaspoonful of salt, not more than 1-4 that amount of pepper, and mixed with 3 tablespoonfuls of water. Let it stand until cold, after cooking well in a buttered pan. Take 2 large, thin slices of veal, cut the omelet in two slices, and roll

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ALL TRIMMED  
IN ANGORA

By BETTY BROWN.

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It's long simple lines of classic type are developed in tan and white plaided tricolette, with a stunning Greek rick patterned upon skirt and bodice in tan angora wool.

BLANKETS GET  
THIER BATH

Fluffy soft blankets—those are the only kind you feel proud to spread on the bed when a guest comes. Isn't that true?

But it's equally true that when once blankets must be washed, it is not the easiest thing in the world to keep them fluffy.

As long as is possible the good housewife protects her blankets so that they will not need laundering. With a sheet beneath and a counterpane or quilt above, and the sheet so placed that there is ample length at the top to be folded over the blanket the evil day can be postponed.

But one day when winter things are

being packed away in the spring, she knows the blankets must finally go into the tub. An abundance of soap flakes dissolved in a boiler full of very hot water, and a smooth, strong stick—these are her tools. Submerging the blankets in the lather, she stirs and pounds them with her stick, remembering to be gentle enough to keep from pulling the fabric out of shape. "Nary a washboard is near. Whatever rubbing must be done she does between the hands as soon as the water cools sufficiently."

Then she lets the water run out, without tiding the blankets from the tub, rinses them twice in very hot water, and finally in the third rinse water dissolves a little of the soap once more and stirs it. When this water is drained off she lifts the blankets out and hangs them in the sunshine.

Here again she is most careful. If they are not hung with the exact middle of each blanket on the line, and all edges even, they will dry in scal-

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lops and be very hard to get in shape. After they have partly dried, she reverses them, to dry the other side. When the sun goes down, the blankets are almost entirely dry, and she takes them into the house. "But next morning, if the sun is bright, she hangs them out once more. That evening, when she takes them down, they are fluffy, soft blankets."

At the New Hampshire State College 18 girl students made the bleachers for the athletic field.

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Eyes

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Lotion—during Redness, Stinging, Granulation, Itching and Burning  
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To Ladies  
Who are Stout

Fat is fatal to health and beauty. Reduce weight sensibly and easily; improve your health and figure. Avoid heart trouble, wrinkles, nervousness, weakness, etc., besides personal embarrassment, due to obesity.

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Go to the druggist, get a small box of Diet Koren (capsules) and follow directions of the Korean system. Be sure 10 to 60 pounds weight guarantee. Eat all you need (including some candy if desired) while reducing.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THE OLD RELIABLE REMEDY!)—BY ALLMAN.

